ITER BOREALE,

OR,

Tyburn in Mourning

For the Loss of a

SAINT.

A New Song, To the Tune of, *Now the Tories that Glories.*

Written by J. D.

I.

BEhold Great Heavens Protection,
Jehovah Frowns for to see,
Pretended Zeal Claim Election
In Rights of Monarchy.
Great *Charles* in Spight of all Treason,
Preserves his Kingdoms in Peace;
He Rules by Law and by Reason,
Whilst *Whigg* melts in his own Grease:
Ignoramus is out of Doors;
Flye, O flye, ye Base Sons of Whores,
Poland or *Holland* will have such Bores,
Who Rebellion have Sown:
For nothing but Royalty, Loyalty,
Shall in our Isle be known.

II.

The *Be[illegible]ellites* are in mourning,
To see their Syre so Cold;
Zownes, who thought of adjourning
A Zealot so Factious bold:
To Prayers ye Pestilent *Whiggs*,
The Devil may hear you in time:
What think you by *Olivers* Jigg?
Gad, 't brings my Song into Rime.
Hamburgh once again take thy own,
Tyburn long for thy Son doth Groan
Cromwel's disturb'd with her making moan,
Curses the Sins brought him there:
Then let us be Merry, drink Sherry,
The Zealots no longer fear.

III.

Whine Louder ye Priests of the Zealous,
For Heaven is Deaf to your Prayers:
Why do ye Deceive us, and tell us,
You Travel in Heavens Affairs?
What Saint e're came, or Professor
From Grave, to teach to Dethrone
Your Lawful King and Successor?
Whom next to Heaven we own.
If these be Tricks of your *Whiggish* Tribe,
No Saint will ever the Devil Chide;
Though in the bottom of Hell he Hide
Such Lovers of Kings the wrong way.
Then Hey Boys Trounce it and Bounce it,
For Monarchy gets the Day.

IV.

Must Nine-penny Esquire be forgotten;
O! do not to memory bring
Those *Hamburgh* Sayings, where hot one?;
Damn'd Rogue didst thou Murder the K[illegible]?
Must still the Zealous o'r rule us;
Shall Council Gowns be above
Majesty, Sword, Mace, then tell us
Who better then *Moor*—— can Love.
Loyalty burneth within his Breast,
Religion is his chief Interest;
The City he would with Peace Invest:
Was they not blinded with Zeal.
Then Hey Boyes Laugh it and Quaffe it,
Let *Moor*—— to the King Appeal.

V.

Be gone base Sons of the Nation,
That Love not the Power of Kings;
Go seek Dad Be[illegible]el's new Station,
'Twill hold Ten thousand such Things:
Go Mourn the Sin of Rebellion
You would set up in the City;
Take with you, your New Friend *Papillon*
The rest of the Old Committee.
Let Love and Loyalty once more Reign
Within your Breasts, for great *Charlemain*,
And for the Prince, that's come home again,
Who our Peace will support.
Then Hey Boyes Drink it, ne'r Shrink it,
Here's a Health to the King and Court.

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